

maintained for a few minutes is enough to kill most of them. If the milk is to be preserved for a long time, however, this is not sufficient and the temperature must be raised above the boiling point (110° C.) and kept there for some time. This is the process of sterilization. Sterilization alters the taste of the milk, destroys the fine emulsification of the fat, coagulates the lactalbumin and renders the casein less easy of digestion. Efforts have been made to overcome these disadvantages by pasteurization. This consists in keeping the milk at a temperature of 70° C. (158° F.) for twenty minutes or one half hour. Of this method, however, it may be said that, though it kills most of the disease germs, it has not been proved to destroy the tubercle bacillus, and certainly does not destroy some bacteria capable of causing diarrhoea. Milk so treated will not keep more than three or four days, for the acid-forming bacteria are still present; nor can one ever be certain of avoiding alterations in the taste, for that change sets in, as we have seen, just above 70° C. For ordinary purposes there is little doubt that simply boiling the milk for a few minutes is the simplest and most satisfactory method of procedure.

(To be continued.)

THE TOUR OF THE "IMMIGRANTS"

By K. DE W.

ON April 26th, sixty nurses started together from Chicago for California, in two tourist cars; most of them had been royally entertained in groups by the various Chicago hospitals while attending the Visiting Nurse Conference there.

We were eight days in making the trip to the coast and we slept in our cars, even at our stopping-places, thereby avoiding hotel bills,—and we felt like true foreigners at times as we groped our way back at nearly midnight to the only refuge we knew, picking our way through the railway yards, dodging locomotives, and climbing the steps of cars D and E, so tired that the switching of engines and passing of trains could not disturb our slumbers.

No one who has not tried it has any idea how comfortable one may be on a long trip in a tourist car with congenial companions. We had many plans for whiling away the hours, most of which were never carried out. There never seemed to be time for much reading or writing or card playing, we were so occupied with housekeeping and visiting.

Each section was occupied by from one to three human beings and



THE "IMMIGRANTS," IN PART, AND SOME OF THEIR HOSTESSES AT SOUTH CHEYENNE CANYON, COLORADO SPRINGS.

by an immense amount of luggage, and the stowing away of our belongings compactly at night and bringing them forth in the morning furnished endless occupation. The cars, seen from the doorways, presented an odd scene of hats in bags, coats, suits, and skirts swinging from the hooks overhead. An assistant official boarded the train at one point and objected to the arrangement, but one of our porters asserted stoutly that these were our own cars that we "had done chartered" (we hadn't), so the bags swung on undisturbed.

Our washing arrangements were a trifle odd, but they could not disturb our peace. At one end of the car was a tiny dressing-room, into which one person could barely squeeze herself; at the other, were two basins out loose in the hall, as it were, and there most of us washed and did our hair, standing four deep in great good nature, and with much less friction than one meets in many a standard Pullman. A towel pinned over the glass of the door made the situation more endurable, and it was only on rare occasions that an indiscreet wanderer from another car walked into our midst.

Great was the rivalry in housekeeping in the different sections. Most of us took our morning and evening meals in the dining-car and carried provisions for our luncheon at noon. At this hour the cars presented an inviting picture with all the little lunch tables spread. All sorts of good things there were, which were indiscriminately shared. At every stop of length fresh paper bags of eatables appeared and our suit cases grew continually more difficult to shut.

The curiosity of our fellow passengers was, of course, aroused. Rumors reached us that we were going to California to nurse the fleet. Why the fleet needed nursing was not made clear. One hospital trustee aboard, who discovered our calling, came to visit us professionally, hoping to pick up a superintendent of nurses for his hospital on the spot. One conductor was heard confiding to a friend: "I've sixty nurses aboard, one from each state in the Union, they're nice, but awfully hard to manage." Probably the opinion of the vulgar multitude was best expressed in a placard we one morning found pinned to our forward car which bore the cutting legend: "Old Maids' Private Car."

Our trip did not seem long, it was so broken. Our first experience of western great-heartedness, after leaving Chicago, was at Des Moines, Iowa, where there were put aboard two great packages of fresh magazines and daily papers, enough for us all, "With greetings from the Graduate Nurses' Association of Des Moines."

At our three stopping places, the small band of receiving nurses and the great army of visitors met on the station platform like two

friendly hosts. Many, on each side, were known to each other by name; few, by sight; but we were all friends at once.

At Denver, even the street car conductor wished us pleasant weather, and the photographers were burning to take our pictures, and the hotel which fed us presented us with post cards and clothes brushes. The Denver nurses had arranged a most delightful automobile ride for the morning, which showed us the whole of their beautiful city and much of the outlying country. It wasn't their fault that a snow storm suddenly descended upon us, and the novel sight of lilacs in bloom, completely hidden under white hoods, almost compensated for our literally wading through snow during the afternoon, when in small groups, guided by the kind hostesses, different sanitariums were visited. In the evening a reception at the Nurses' Home of St. Luke's Hospital furnished an opportunity for us all to meet each other, and was also the occasion of reunions of graduates of many different schools, for Colorado has many resident nurses who have come from other places, and the question constantly in the air was: "Are there any nurses from Pennsylvania here?" "Or from Boston?" etc.

Colorado Springs seemed totally different, a more out-of-doors place, where every street seemed to lead to Pike's Peak. Our nursing friends there had arranged for us a most delightful drive through Williams Canyon and the Garden of the Gods. We started off in thirteen carriages, drawn by fine, strong horses, used to the steep ascents, and as fresh at the end of the afternoon as at the beginning. The drivers were as pleased to exhibit the marvels of the beautiful country as if they were responsible for its existence, and many of our hostesses went with us, so no interesting bit escaped us. In the evening a reception was given us at one of the beautiful homes in which Colorado Springs abounds, whose mistress is specially interested in the nurses' work there, and the nurses themselves, in deference to the travelling costumes of their guests, came in white uniforms, and looked as pretty as could be.

We had until noon the next day for more pleasures, and a great temptation was spread before us in the shape of another long drive,— "the high drive" which the drivers of the afternoon offered us at greatly reduced rates. It would take three hours, and if a harness should break on a mountain top, what would happen? Thus argued the wise virgins, who longed to go, but whom duty held back. The foolish virgins arose at five-thirty, started at seven, had a glorious drive and reached the station long before the train thought of starting. They also had the joy of telling the rest, all the way on, how much they had missed.

The wise virgins were not utterly uncared for in the way of entertainment that morning, for they were conducted to the South Cheyenne Canyon, and journeyed up it to the foot of the Seven Falls, some of them in carriages, but most riding on burros with great glee.

At Salt Lake City, at the request of one of the Bellevue nurses holding a position there, Mr. Wells, superintendent of the Latter Day Saints' Hospital, had arranged for a special organ recital for us in the tabernacle, a great treat, which we so enjoyed that we went back in the evening to a concert given by the high school cadets and helped them pay their way to San Francisco, where they were going to act as a special escort on the day of the parade in honor of the fleet. The following day we saw the city nicely by means of an observation car, and then spent useless hours at the station waiting for our train to come along and pick us up.

After some delay we started, but a few hours later, at Ogden, the announcement was suddenly made that car D had been condemned and that we must vacate it at once. There was great consternation and skurrying; no one stopped to pack but grasped her possessions as best she might. We looked most like true immigrants as we sat on our possessions on the platform, veils tied over our hair, bags at our feet, enduring the smiling sympathy of car E, as we waited for a new abode.

Alas for car E! When car D's occupants were comfortably asleep in a new car that night, car E broke a coupling, and after trying to haul it up a mountain side with chains, in vain, the trainmen went at it with hammers, and we were all delayed for hours while new attachments were put on.

We began to think our destination was going to keep receding from our view like those beautiful mountains we passed in Colorado, which seemed so near in the clear atmosphere and which we never really approached. We reached Oakland at last ten hours late, and our patience had its last trial when we had to stand in line an hour and a half waiting to exchange our berth checks for our precious yards of ticket, while our San Francisco friends across the bay were equally impatient, boarding every boat that landed.

We forgot every trouble as we beheld their friendly faces, and found when we reached our rooms that all were provided with flowers and fruit with a warm greeting from the California State Association. We had hardly time to wash the dust from our faces before the automobiles were ready to carry us about the city in a long ride that seemed to show us everything of interest, beauty, and desolation,—but the impression that one gains from a visit to the city now is not that of destruction but

of marvellous rebuilding, and no one who has not been there can imagine the beauty of the city's situation, rising on hills from the bay, with the ocean beyond, and girt round by blue mountains.

The meetings were as inspiring and interesting as they always are, and seemed more than usually harmonious. The entertainments interspersed were beautifully arranged not to conflict with the sessions and yet to give each visitor full opportunity to see the characteristic features of the region. There was one afternoon free for seeing the fleet come through Golden Gate and pass in stately line up the bay, a sight never to be forgotten and from which no one was shut out, as every hillside gave a good view of the bay. One evening was spent in Chinatown; first, at the Presbyterian Rescue Mission, where the fascinating little bright-eyed girls sang for us, then a tour of the strange shops, and finally tea in a Chinese restaurant, where we did not know how to eat, the dishes were so unusual. There was a banquet at the St. Francis Hotel, the most beautiful that could be held, we were sure; the banquet room is so beautiful in itself, the tables were so lavishly trimmed, the music so fine, and the banquet itself so delicious, and followed by exceptionally good toasts.

There was a day spent on Mount Tamalpais, from which the whole panorama of that wonderful combination of land and water can be seen, with a side trip to a forest of redwood trees.

We tried to attend a concert at the renowned Greek theatre at Berkeley, but the rain poured down and frightened away the musicians; some of us went dripping over to see the theatre itself and felt well repaid. Some of us, too, were so fortunate as to be invited to a luncheon given by the *Pacific Coast Journal* to those of its staff who were present.

At this point there was a dividing of paths. Some visited the Yosemite. Many went to Los Angeles and Pasadena, where the California hospitality repeated itself in charming ways; some went north immediately, and what they may have done in Washington and Oregon we do not know. There were invitations to all of us to stop everywhere. Our general feeling was that if all these kind people didn't stop making us have such good times in their part of the world, we might never go home at all, and there would be danger of an oversupply of nurses throughout the west.



A FEW OF THE "IMMIGRANTS" ON SUMMIT OF MT. TAMALPAIS.